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Kitan Magazine: Volume Five

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Prologue: Kitan Magazine

Le Minotaur Press of Vancouver is pleased to publish this fifth volume of ***Kitan*** Magazine which serves to feature the work of remarkable writers, poets & artists.

Kitan means tale in Japanese. This Magazine is about the excitement, adventure, romance, Love and Eros of the Orient.

Kitan Magazine welcomes submissions on a biannual basis.

Please feel free to submit your submissions to

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There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

Kitan Prose:

The Wisdom of the Heart by Henry Miller

[**Paris**] Every book by an analyst gives us, in addition to the philosophy underlying his therapeutic, a glimpse into the nature of the analyst's own problem vis-à-vis life. The very fact of writing a book, indeed, is a recognition on the part of the analyst of the falsity of the patient- versus-analyst situation. In attempting, through the educative method, to enlarge his field of influence, the analyst is tacitly informing us of his desire to relinquish the unnecessary role of healer which has been thrust upon him. Though in fact he repeats every day to his patients the truth that they must heal themselves, actually what happens is that the list of patients grows with terrifying rapidity, so that sometimes the healer is obliged to seek another healer himself. Some analysts are just as pitiful and harassed specimens of humanity as the patients who come to them for relief. Many of them have confused the legitimate acceptance of a role with immolation, or vain sacrifice. Instead of exposing the secret of health and balance by example, they elect to adopt the lazier course, usually a disastrous one, of transmitting the secret to their patients. Instead of remaining human, they seek to cure and convert, to become life-giving saviors, only to find in the end that they have crucified themselves. If Christ died on the cross to inculcate the notion of sacrifice, it was to give significance to this inherent law of life, and not to have men follow his example. "Crucifixion is the law of life," says Howe, and it is true, but it must be understood symbolically, not literally.

Throughout his books (*I and Me; Time and the Child; War Dance*, by E. Graham Howe) it is the indirect or Oriental way of life which he stresses, and

this attitude, it may also be said, is that of art. The art of living is based on rhythm, on give and take, ebb and flow, light and dark, life and death. By acceptance of all the aspects of life, good and bad, right and wrong, yours and mine, the static, defensive life, which is what most people are cursed with, is converted into a dance, "the dance of life," as Havelock Ellis called it. The real function of the dance is

—*metamorphosis*. One can dance to sorrow or to joy; one can even dance abstractly, as Helba Huara proved to the world. But the point is that, by the mere act of dancing, the elements which compose it are transformed; the dance is an end in itself, just like life. The acceptance of the situation, any situation, brings about a flow, a rhythmic impulse towards self-expression. To relax is, of course, the first thing a dancer has to learn. It is also the first thing a patient has to learn when he confronts the analyst. It is the first thing any one has to learn in order to live. It is extremely difficult, because it means surrender, full surrender. Howe's whole point of view is based on this simple, yet revolutionary idea of full and unequivocal surrender. It is the religious view of life: the positive acceptance of pain, suffering, defeat, misfortune, and so on. It is the long way round, which has always proved to be the shortest way after all. It means the assimilation of experience, fulfillment through obedience and discipline: the curved span of time through natural growth rather than the speedy, disastrous short-cut. This is the path of wisdom, and the one that must be taken eventually, because all the others only lead to it.

Few books dealing with wisdom—or shall I say, *the art of living*?—are so studded with profundities as these three books. The professional thinker is apt

to look at them askance because of the utter simplicity of the author's statements. Unlike the analyst, the professional thinker seldom enjoys the opportunity of seeing his theories put to the test. With the analyst thinking is always vital, as well as an every-day affair. He is being put to the test every moment of his life. In the present case we are dealing with a man for whom writing is a stolen luxury, a fact which could be highly instructive to many writers who spend hours trying to squeeze out a thought.

Howe looks at the world as it is now, this moment. He sees it very much as he would a patient coming to him for treatment. "The truth is, we are sick," he says, and not only that, but—"we are sick of being sick." If there is something wrong, he infers, it is not a something which can be driven out with a stick, or a bayonet. The remedy is metaphysically achieved, not therapeutically: the cure does not lie in finding a cause and rooting it out. "It is as if we change the map of life itself by changing our attitude towards it," says Howe. This is an eternal sort of gymnastics, known to all wise men, which lies at the very root of metaphysics.

Life, as we all know, is conflict, and man, being part of life, is himself an expression of conflict. If he recognizes the fact and accepts it, he is apt, despite the conflict, to know peace and to enjoy it. But to arrive at this end, which is only a beginning (for we haven't begun to live yet!), man has got to learn the doctrine of acceptance, that is, of unconditional surrender, which is love. And here I must say that I think the author goes beyond any theory of life yet enunciated by the analysts; here he reveals himself as something more than a healer, reveals himself as an artist of life, a man capable of choosing the most

perilous course in the certitude of faith. *Faith in life*, let me quickly add—a faith free and flexible, equal to any emergency and broad enough to include death, as well as other so-called evils. For in this broad and balanced view of life death appears neither as "the last enemy" nor the "end"; if the healer has a role, as he points out, it is "to play the part of gynaecologist to death." (For further delectation the reader might see the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*.)

The whole fourth-dimensional view of reality, which is Howe's metaphysic, hinges on this understanding of acceptance. The fourth element is Time, which is another way, as Goethe so well knew, of saying—growth. As a seed grows in the natural course of time, so the world grows, and so it dies, and so it is reborn again. This is the very antithesis of the current notion of "progress," in which are bound up the evil dragons of will, purpose, goal and struggle—or rather, they are not bound up, but unleashed. Progress, according to the Westerner, means a straight line through impenetrable barriers, creating difficulties and obstacles all along the line, and thus defeating itself. Howe's idea is the Oriental one, made familiar to us through the art of jujitsu, wherein the obstacle itself is made into an aid. The method is as applicable to what we call disease, or death or evil, as it is to a bullying adversary. The secret of it lies in the recognition that force can be directed as well as feared—more, that everything can be converted to good or evil, profit or loss, according to one's attitude. In his present fearsome state man seems to have but one attitude, escape, wherein he is fixed as in a nightmare. Not only does he refuse to accept his fears, but worse, he fears his fears. Everything seems infinitely worse than it is, says Howe, "just because we are trying to escape." This is the very Paradise of Neurosis, a glue of fear and anxiety in which, unless we are willing

to rescue ourselves, we may stick forever. To imagine that we are going to be saved by outside intervention, whether in the shape of an analyst, a dictator, a savior, or even God, is sheer folly. There are not enough lifeboats to go around, and anyway, as the author points out, what is needed more than lifeboats is lighthouses. A fuller, clearer vision—not more safety appliances!

Many influences, of astounding variety, have contributed to shape this philosophy of life which, unlike most philosophies, takes its stance *in* life, and not in a system of thought. His view embraces conflicting world-views; there is room in it to include all of Whitman, Emerson, Thoreau, as well as Taoism, Zen Buddhism, astrology, occultism, and so forth. It is a thoroughly religious view of life, in that it recognizes "the supremacy of the unseen." Emphasis is laid on the dark side of life, on all that which is considered negative, passive, evil, feminine, mysterious, unknowable. War Dance closes on this note—"there is nothing that it is not better to accept, even though it be the expression of our enemy's ill-will. There is no progress other than what is, if we could let it be. . . ." This idea of let be, of non -interference, of living now in the moment, fully, with complete faith in the processes of life, which must remain ever largely unknown to us, is the cardinal aspect of his philosophy. It means evolution versus revolution, and involution as well as evolution. It takes cognizance of insanity as well as sleep, dream and death. It does not seek to eliminate fear and anxiety, but to incorporate them in the whole plexus of man's emotional being. It does not offer a panacea for our ills, nor a paradise beyond: it recognizes that life's problems are fundamentally insoluble and accepts the fact graciously. It is in this full recognition and acceptance of conflict and paradox that Howe reconciles wisdom with common sense. At

the heart of it is humor, gaiety, the sense of play—not morality, but reality. It is a lenitive, purgative, healing doctrine, based on the open palm rather than the closed fist; on surrender, sacrifice, renunciation, rather than struggle, conquest, idealism. It favors the slow, rhythmic movement of growth rather than the direct method which would attain an imaginary end through speed and force. (Is not the end always bound up with the means?) It seeks to eliminate the doctor as well as the patient, by accepting the disease itself rather than the medicine or the mediator; it puts the seed above the bomb, conversion before solution, and counsels uniqueness rather than normality.

It seems to be generally admitted by intelligent people, and even by the unintelligent, that we are passing through one of the darkest moments in history. (What is not so clearly recognized, however, is that man has passed through many such periods before, and survived!) There are those who content themselves with putting the blame for our condition on the "enemy," call it church, education, government, Fascism, Communism, poverty, circumstance, or what not. 'They waste their forces proving that they are "right" and the other follow "wrong." For them society is largely composed of those who are against their ideas. But society is composed of the insane and the criminals, as well as the righteous and the unrighteous. Society represents all of us, "what we are and how we feel about life," as Howe puts it. Society is sick, scarcely anybody will deny that, and in the midst of this sick world are the doctors who, "knowing little of the reason why they prescribe for us, have little faith in anything but heroic surgery and in the patient's quite unreasonable ability to recover." The medical men are not interested in health, but in combating sickness and disease. Like the other members of society,

they function negatively. Similarly, no statesmen arise who appear capable of dealing with the blundering dictators, for the quite probable reason that they are themselves dictators at heart. . .

Here is the picture of our so-called "normal" world, obeying, as Howe calls it, the law of "infinite regress":

> "Science carefully measures the seen, but it despises the unseen. Religion subdivides itself, protesting and nonconforming in one negative schism after another, pursuing the path of infinite regress while aggressively attaching itself to the altars of efficient organization. Art exploits a multiplication of accurate imitations; its greatest novelty is 'Surrealism,' which prides itself upon its ability to escape all the limitations imposed upon sanity by reality. Education is more or less free for all, but the originality of individualism suffers mechanization by mass productive methods, and top marks are awarded for aggressive excellence. The limits of law aggressively insist that the aggressive should be aggressively eliminated, thus establishing the right by means of out -wronging the wrong-doer. Our amusements are catered for by mechanized methods, for we cannot amuse ourselves. Those who cannot play football themselves enthusiastically shout and boo the gallant but well-paid efforts of others in ardent partisanship. Those who can neither run nor take a risk, back horses. Those who cannot take the trouble to tolerate silence have sound brought to their ears without effort, or go to picture palaces to enjoy the vicarious advantages of a synthetic cinema version of the culture of our age. This system we call

> normality, and it is to live in this disordered world that we bring up our children so expensively. The system is threatened with disaster, but we have no thought but to hold it up, while we clamour for peace in which to enjoy it. Because we live in it, it seems to be as sacred as ourselves. This way of living as refugees from realism, this vaunted palace of progress and culture, it must never suffer change. It is normal to be so! Who said so? And what does this word normal mean?"

"Normality," says Howe, "is the paradise of escapeologists, for it is a fixation concept, pure and simple." "It is better, if we can," he asserts, "to stand alone and to feel quite normal about our abnormality, doing nothing whatever about it, except what needs to be done in order to be oneself."

It is just this ability to stand alone, and not feel guilty or harassed about it, of which the average person is incapable. The desire for a lasting external security is uppermost, revealing itself in the endless pursuit of health, happiness, possessions and so on, defense of what has been acquired being the obsessive idea, and yet no real defense being possible, because one cannot defend what is undefendable. All that can be defended are imaginary, illusory, protective devices. Who, for example, could feel sorry for St. Francis because he threw away his clothes and took the vow of poverty? He was the first man on record, I imagine, who asked for stones instead of bread. Living on the refuse which others threw away he acquired the strength to accomplish miracles, to inspire a joy such as few men have given the world, and, by no means the least of his powers, to write the most sublime and simple, the most eloquent hymn of thanksgiving that we have in all literature: *The Canticle to*

the Sun. Let go and let be! Howe urges. Being is burning, in the truest sense, and if there is to be any peace it will come about through being, not having.

We are all familiar with the phrase—"life begins at forty." For the majority of men it is so, for it is only in middle age that the continuity of life, which death promises, begins to make itself felt and understood. The significance of renunciation, as the author explains it, lies in the fact that it is not a mere passive acquiescence, an ignominious surrender to the inevitable forces of death, but, on the contrary, a re- counting, a re-valuing. It is at this crucial point in the individual's life that the masculine element gives way to the feminine. This is the usual course, which Nature herself seems to take care of. For the awakened individual, however, life begins now, at any and every moment; it begins at the moment when he realizes that he is part of a great whole, and in the realization becomes himself whole. In the knowledge of limits and relationships he discovers the eternal self, thenceforth to move with obedience and discipline in full freedom. *Balance, discipline, illumination*—these are the key words in Howe's doctrine of wholeness, or holiness, for the words mean the same thing. It is not essentially new, but it needs to be rediscovered by each and every one individually. As I said before, one meets it in such poets and thinkers as Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, to take a few recent examples. It is a philosophy of life which nourished the Chinese for thousands of years, a philosophy which, unfortunately, they have abandoned under Western influence.

That this ancient wisdom of life should be reaffirmed by a practicing analyst, by a "healer," seems to me altogether logical and just. What greater temptation

is there for the healer than to play the role of God—and who knows better than he the nature and the wisdom of God? E. Graham Howe is a man in his prime, healthy, normal in the abnormal sense, successful, as the word goes, and desirous more than anything else of leading his own life. He knows that the healer is primarily an artist, and not a magician or a god. He seeks, by expressing his views publicly, to wean the public of a dependency which is itself an expression of disease. He is not interested in healing, but in being. He does not seek to cure, but to enjoy a life more abundant. He is not struggling to eliminate disease, but to accept it, and by devouring it, incorporate it in the body of light and health which is man's true heritage. He is not overburdened, because his philosophy of health would not permit him to assume tasks beyond his powers. He takes everything in his stride, with measure and balance, consuming only what he can digest and assimilate of experience. If he is a very capable analyst, as is generally admitted, even by his detractors, it is not because of what he knows, but because of what he is. He is constantly unloading himself of excess baggage, be it in the form of patients, friends, admirers or possessions. His mind is, as the Chinese well say, "alive-and -empty." He is anchored in the flux, neither drowned in it nor vainly trying to dam it. He is a very wise man who is at peace with himself and the world. One knows that instantly, merely by shaking hands with him.

"There is no need," he says, in concluding *War Dance*, "to be morbid about the difficulty in which we find ourselves, for there is no undue difficulty about it, if we will but realise that we bring the difficulty upon ourselves by trying to alter the inevitable. The Little Man is so afraid of being overwhelmed, but the Larger Man hopes for it; the Little Man refuses to swallow so much of his

experience, regarding it as evil, but the Larger Man takes it as his everyday diet, keeping open pipe and open house for every enemy to pass through; the Little Man is terrified lest he should dip from light into darkness, from seen into unseen, but the Larger Man realises that it is but sleep or death and either is the very practice of his recreation; the Little Man depends upon 'goods' or golf for his well-being, seeking for doctors or other saviours, but the Larger Man knows by the deeper process of his inward conviction that truth is paradox and that he is safest when he is least defended. . . . The war of life is one thing; man's war is another, being war about war, war against war, in infinite regress of offensive and defensive argument."

It may seem, from the citations, that I favor *War Dance* above the other two books, but such is not the case. Perhaps because of the daily threat of war I was led instinctively to make reference to this book, which is really about Peace. The three books are equally valuable and represent different facets of this same homely philosophy, which is not, let me repeat, a system of thought expounded and defended in brilliant fashion, but a wisdom of life that increments life. It has no other purpose than to make life more life-like, strange as this may sound.

Whoever has dipped into the esoteric lore of the East must recognize that the attitude towards life set forth in these books is but a rediscovery of the Doctrine of the Heart. The element of Time, so fundamental in Howe's philosophy, is a restatement, in scientific language, of the esoteric view that one cannot travel on the Path before one has become that Path himself. Never, perhaps, in historic times, has man been further off the Path than at this

moment. An age of darkness, it has been called— a transitional period, involving disaster and enlightenment. Howe is not alone in thus summarizing our epoch: it is the opinion of earnest men everywhere. It might be regarded as an equinoctial solstice of the soul, the furthest outward reach that can be made without complete disintegration. It is the moment when the earth, to use another analogy, before making the swing back, seems to stand stock still. There is an illusion of "end," a stasis seemingly like death. But it is only an illusion. Everything, at this crucial point, lies in the attitude which we assume towards the moment. If we accept it as a death we may be re- born and continue on our cyclical journey. If we regard it as an "end" we are doomed. It is no accident that the various death philosophies with which we are familiar should arise at this time. We are at the parting of the ways, able to look forwards and backwards with infinite hope or despair. Nor is it strange either that so many varied expressions of a fourth-dimensional view of life should now make their appearance. The negative view of life, which is really the death- like view of things, summed up by Howe in the phrase "infinite regress," is gradually giving way to a positive view, which is multi-dimensional. (Whenever the fourth- dimensional view is grasped multiple dimensions open up. The fourth is the symbolic dimension which opens the horizon in infinite "egress." With it time-space takes on a wholly new character: every aspect of life is henceforth transmuted.)

In dying the seed re-experiences the miracle of life, but in a fashion far beyond the comprehension of the individual organism. The tenor of death is more than compensated for by the unknown joys of birth. It is precisely the difference, in my opinion, between the Eye and the Heart doctrines. For, as we all know,

in expanding the field of knowledge we but increase the horizon of ignorance. "Life is not in the form, but in the flame," says Howe. For two thousand years, despite the real wisdom of Christ's teachings, we have been trying to live in the mold, trying to wrest wisdom from knowledge, instead of wooing it, trying to conquer over Nature instead of accepting and living by her laws. It is not at all strange, therefore, that the analyst, into whose hands the sick and weary are now giving themselves like sheep to the slaughter, finds it necessary to reinstate the metaphysical view of life. (Since Thomas Aquinas there has been no metaphysics.) The cure lies with the patient, not with the analyst. We are chained to one another by invisible links, and it is the weakest in whom our strength is revealed, or registered. "Poetry must be made by all," said Lautréamont, and so too must all real progress. We must grow wise together, else all is vain and illusory. If we are in a dilemma, it is better that we stand still and face the issue, rather than resort to hasty and heroic action. "To live in truth, which is suspense," says Howe, " is adventure, growth, uncertainty, risk and danger. Yet there is little opportunity in life today for experiencing that adventure, unless we go to war." Meaning thereby that by evading our real problems from day to day we have produced a schism, on the one side of which is the illusory life of comfortable security and painlessness, and on the other disease, catastrophe, war, and so forth. We are going through Hell now, but it would be excellent if it really were hell, and if we really go through with it. We cannot possibly hope, unless we are thoroughly neurotic, to escape the consequences of our foolish behavior in the past. Those who are trying to put the onus of responsibility for the dangers which threaten on the shoulders of the "dictators" might well examine their own hearts and see whether their allegiance is really "free" or a mere attachment to some other form of

authority, possibly unrecognized. "Attachment to any system, whether psychological or otherwise," says Howe, "is suggestive of anxious escape from life." Those who are preaching revolution are also defenders of the *status quo—their status quo*. Any solution for the world's ills must embrace all mankind. We have got to relinquish our precious theories, our buttresses and supports, to say nothing of our defenses and possessions. We have got to become more inclusive, not more exclusive. What is not acknowledged and assimilated through experience, piles up in the form of guilt and creates a real Hell, the literal meaning of which is—where the unburnt must be burnt! The doctrine of reincarnation includes this vital truth; we in the West scoff at the idea, but we are none the less victims of the law. Indeed, if one were to try to give a graphic description of this place-condition, what more accurate illustration could be summoned than the picture of the world we now "have on our hands"? The realism of the West, is it not negated by reality? The word has gone over into its opposite, which is the case with so many of our words. We are trying to live only in the light, with the result that we are enveloped in darkness. We are constantly fighting for the right and the good, but everywhere we see evil and injustice. As Howe rightly says, "if we must have our ideals achieved and gratified, they are not ideals at all, but phantasies." We need to open up, to relax, to give way, to obey the deeper laws of our being, in order to find a true discipline.

Discipline Howe defines as "the art of the acceptance of the negative." It is based on the recognition of the duality of life, of the relative rather than the absolute. Discipline permits a free flow of energy; it gives absolute freedom within relative limits. One develops despite circumstances, not because of

them. This was a life wisdom known to Eastern peoples, handed down to us in many guises, not least of which is the significant study of symbols, known as astrology. Here time and growth are vital elements to the understanding of reality. Properly understood, there are no good or bad horoscopes, nor good or bad "aspects"; there is no moral or ethical examination of men or things, only a desire to get at the significance of the forces within and without, and their relationship. An attempt, in short, to arrive at a total grasp of the universe, and thus keep man anchored in the moving stream of life, which embraces known and unknown. Any and every moment, from this viewpoint, is therefore good or right, the best for whoever it be, for on how one orients himself to the moment depends the failure or fruitfulness of it. In a very real sense we can see today how man has really dislocated himself from the movement of life; he is somewhere on the periphery, whirling like a whirligig, going faster and faster and blinder and blinder. Unless he can make the gesture of surrender, unless he can let go the iron will which is merely an expression of his negation of life, he will never get back to the center and find his true being. It is not only the "dictators" who are possessed, but the whole world of men everywhere; we are in the grip of demonic forces created by our own fear and ignorance. We say No to everything, instinctively. Our very instincts are perverted, so that the word itself has come to lose all sense. The whole man acts not instinctively, but intuitively, because "his wishes are as much at one with the law as he is himself." But to act intuitively one must obey the deeper law of love, which is based on absolute tolerance, the law which suffers or permits things to be as they are. Real love is never perplexed, never qualifies, never rejects, never demands. It replenishes, by grace of restoring unlimited

circulation. It burns, because it knows the true meaning of sacrifice. It is life illumined.

The idea of "unlimited circulation," not only of the necessities of life, but of everything, is, if there be such a thing, the magic behind Howe's philosophy. It is the most practical way of life, though seemingly impractical. Whether it be admitted or not, there are hierarchies of being, as well as of role. The highest types of men have always been those in favor of "unlimited circulation." They were comparatively fearless and sought neither riches nor security, except in themselves. By abandoning all that they most cherished they found the way to a larger life. Their example still inspires us, though we follow them more with the eye than with the heart, if we follow at all. They never attempted to lead, but only to guide. The real leader has no need to lead—he is content to point the way. Unless we become our own leaders, content to be what we are in process of becoming, we shall always be servitors and idolaters. We have only what we merit; we would have infinitely more if we wanted less. The whole secret of salvation hinges on the conversion of word to deed, with and through the whole being. It is this turning in wholeness and faith, conversion, in the spiritual sense, which is the mystical dynamic of the fourth- dimensional view. I used the word salvation a moment ago, but salvation, like fear or death, when it is accepted and experienced, is no longer "salvation." There is no salvation, really, only infinite realms of experience providing more and more tests, demanding more and more faith. Willy-nilly we are moving towards the Unknown, and the sooner and readier we give ourselves up to the experience, the better it will be for us. This very word which is so frequently on our lips today—*transition*—indicates increasing

awareness, as well as apprehension. To become more aware is to sleep more soundly, to cease twitching and tossing. It is only when we get beyond phantasy, beyond wishing and dreaming, that the real conversion takes place and we awake re-born, the dream re-becomes reality. For reality is the goal, deny it how we will. And we can approach it only by an ever-expanding consciousness, by burning more and more brightly, until even memory itself vanishes.

The Process of Inspiration by Jean Cocteau

[**Paris**] Often the public forms an idea of inspiration that is quite false, almost a religious notion. Alas! I do not believe that inspiration falls from heaven. I think it rather the result of a profound indolence and of our incapacity to put to work certain forces in ourselves. These unknown forces work deep within us, with the aid of the elements of daily life, its scenes and passions, and, when they burden us and oblige us to conquer the kind of somnolence in which we indulge ourselves like invalids who try to prolong dream and dread resuming contact with reality, in short when the work that makes itself in us and in spite of us demands to be born, we can believe that this work comes to us from beyond and is offered us by the gods. The artist is more slumberous in order that he shall not work. By a thousand ruses, he prevents his nocturnal work from coming to the light of day.

For it is at this moment that consciousness must take precedence over the unconscious and that it becomes necessary to find the means which permit the unformed work to take form, to render it visible to all. To write, to conquer ink and paper, accumulate letters and paragraphs, divide them with periods and commas, is a different matter from carrying around the dream of a play or of a book.

"More light" was the last phrase of Goethe. This phrase assumes meaning when one considers the struggle of Goethe against the shadow and that existence which he consecrated to clarifying the least recesses of his being and to repulsing the charm of the dog and the wolf. I bow before certain scenes

of Faust, Part II, that of the fall of Euphorion, for example, in which Goethe reaches the state of grace, in full possession of himself. It would be inexact to accuse an artist of pride when he declares that his work requires somnambulism. The poet is at the disposal of his night. His role is humble, he must clean house and await its due visitation.

The play that I am producing at *le Theatre de l'Oeuvre*, The Knights of the Round Table, is a visitation of this sort. I was sick and tired of writing, when one morning, after having slept poorly, I woke with a start and witnessed, as from a seat in a theater, three acts which brought to life an epoch and characters about which I had no documentary information and which I regarded moreover as forbidding.

Long afterward, I succeeded in writing the play and I divined the circumstances that must have served to incite me.

{**Editor's Note**: *Cocteau was an opium addict and realized many of his literary ideas in an opiate's state of mind …* }

Pictorial: A Sultry Gathering …

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Editor in Chief: Patrick Bruskiewich

The Allegory of the Apple by Patrick Bruskiewich

I really can't remember what picture I took of Emily that evening. It was after all fifteen years ago. I vaguely remember I may have gotten her to sit on her legs with her back to me and then did a picture of her back in the iconic Man Ray violin d'Ingre theme. Since she did not wear a bra nor underwear I remember that there was only a thin line of her pant waist.

We talked some more as we waited for her thin line to disappear. I let her talk and I was all ears. It was like open the opening the gates of a water sluice. Emily felt compelled to tell me more about her conquests and her fetishes. It was an eye opener for me listening to her as she said all the fun she had with her '*boy toys*.'

She had a philosophy. Her boys '*came in three varieties*' she said; those that wanted to conquest, those that wanted to be cuckolded and those that were just perverse."

I picked up the camera and set it on a tripod. I asked her "which of the three types she most enjoyed?"

She laughed. "Once you have had a boy inside you it takes away the novelty. So I first ask them what they wanted. If it was conquest, I told them that once they had me they could never had me again."

"And …?"

“Some of the boys would say ‘so be it’ … but …”

I started to focus on her back. “But what?”

“But … I would drop them there and then. I just didn’t want to be someone’s conquest or their one night stand.”

“So what then?”

“I enjoyed the boys who wanted to be cuckolded and those that wanted to do something perverse.”

“Cuckold. You used that word a few times. What does that mean?”

“Cuckold … is when a rooster becomes a hen.”

“Oh! You didn’t really … you know.”

She giggled. “No I didn’t. That would be cruel. But there are other things a girl can do to cuckold a boy.”

“Really, such as …” I knew she was teasing me, but she was after all the one sitting there naked and I was the one on the other side of the camera.

“I am not going to give away all my secrets. You will have to find out for yourself.”

I laughed. “Don’t you wish!”

I walked over to her and stood beside Emily. From this angle I could see down across her breasts and down to her tuft of hair. She turned to face me.

“Don’t you want to hear about the perverse boys?” She asked.

“Maybe some other time?” Indeed I was curious … but I thought that I had heard enough of her fetishes for one night. Besides it was getting late. I walked back to the camera and looked again through the view finder.

“How’s it going on back there?”

“I’m all ready. Are you?”

She nodded. “You sound very tired. Would you prefer we just call it a night and you can go home to bed?” I wasn’t keen to continue if she was going to be ornery.

“Get on with it.” She snapped. “My knees are beginning to hurt.”

I suddenly had an idea. “I want to try something.”

“What?” There was a tired skepticism in her voice.

“Don’t worry, it is not something weird.” I looked down at the camera and noticed it had an electronic option to let the camera adjust f/stop and the like. I pressed the button and the camera came alive, all by itself. “ I want to just turn the lights off and have one bright light.”

“Oh! I thought … since we have been talking about weird things … that you might do something weird.” There was still tiredness to her voice.

“Why would you say that?” I was a bit defensive.

“You boys are like that, when you see a naked girl. All you want to do is weird things!”

“Not all boys are like that.” I came quick to my defence, then I thought I might have some fun with her. “Besides …”

“Besides what?” She turned on her knees so that she was now nearly in profile. She had a surprised look on her face. It much improved the composition, so I decided then and there to be less Man Ray, lifted the camera and took a photograph. Immediately after I took the shot she lifted a hand to coddle her breast.

I smiled. “It is in our programming to be a bit weird, don’t you think?”

“Really! So what are you saying?” She was intrigued.

“You show us a naked girl and well things go into autonomous mode for boys. We have no control over our physiological responses.” I closed my legs together as I said this.

Emily giggled. “Yes, you don’t do you?”

“It’s not just that.” I pressed on. “There are urges as well.”

“Urges … what kind of urges?” Emily took her hand away from her breast and leaned over, holding herself up with that same hand. She was teasing me, for effect.

I turned off the electronic features on her camera and set it down on the table. I knew if I didn’t do this I would break our cardinal rule and take a second picture. That would probably break the trust between us.

Emily suddenly stood up and walked over to pick up the camera. “I think I want to take a picture of you.” This brashness on her part was quite unexpected. She held her camera in front of her source de vie and just stood there. “Well … are you game?” Emily wasn’t tired anymore but had found herself vital energy.

“This is a bit weird,” I said throwing the whole weirdness thing back at her. “I have never had a naked artist do art with me their naked artist model.”

Emily giggled. "This will be a first for us both."

"Well …" I stood up from my chair. "There is always a first time for everything."

I started to walk towards the bathroom. "Where do you think you are going?" Emily jested.

"To the bathroom to get out of my things." I pointed at the bathroom.

She shook her head, set down the camera and pounced towards me. I knew what she had on her mind and I decided not to stop her. She started with my necktie, loosened it provocatively and then drew it over my head. As she did this her breasts cascaded back down across her torso. I had never seen such splendor before. I could plainly see that she was aroused.

Then Emily started with the buttons down the front of my shirt, and then the buttons on my cuffs. She left my shirt on as she started on my socks then my pants. She was swift! Obviously skilled in this praxis. I was suddenly chilled as she yanked my pants down my legs. As she did all this she was careful to rub her soft body against me in a planned and notoriously provocative fashion, caressing one of my legs with her right breast and the other with her bare thigh.

Her tease was having the desired effect on my so that when it came to decide between shirt and my jockeys, well I was apparently in full form. She left my shirt on but tugged down the penultimate piece of my clothing. Then she suddenly stopped and tumbled back into a chair giggling uncontrollably.

It had taken Emily less than a minute to render me in this state. There I stood covered by just my plain white shirt, unbuttoned and well hiding nothing.

"You boys are so crazy looking!" She pointed at the best of me when she said this.

"Maybe we are here for you girl's comic relief?" I shook myself slowly from side to side and well … she giggled even more wildly.

"Or for some other relief?" She purred as she said that.

As I looked at her provocative stance I didn't need to ask but asked I did. "Like?"

"Sexual tension … silly!" She set her hands down over her *source de vie*.

"You don't need us boys to accomplish that!" I laughed I started to sit back down keeping my shirt on.

"Aren't you going to take your shirt off?" She waved her hand playfully as she said this.

I stopped and obliged her then sat down. "So miss pornographer …"

"Photographer!" Abruptly Emily corrected me.

"Oh … excuse me. Miss photographer! So what shall it be then?" I leaned forward in my chair and put my arm on my knee like Rodin's thinker. "Standing … sitting … laying back?"

"All three!" She leaned back in her chair, holding on to the arms of the chair and giggled giddily.

The effect her body movement had on me was magical. But then she probably knew the effect she would have on me. It is strange how women's breasts affect men. Perhaps it is a remnant of our earliest remembrances when we are being suckled at our mother's breasts. Most men are moved more by the bosom beauty of the top than the hidden mysteries from below.

"I think I want you laying back." She pointed to the couch. We both stood and started to compose the shot. The first pose didn't quite work with me on my back and well the backdrop cluttered with hangings on the wall. So I got up and dug out a white bed spread and jury rigged a hanging from the wall and over the couch.

I lay back down and Emily tried to compose a good shot from different angles. But a man's masculinity is a bit of a distraction when it comes to photography, so I set a hand over myself and well Emily said it still it did not work.

So I rolled over on my side and she began to think of possibilities. "Do you have any fruit?" She asked.

"I might have some apples kicking around." I was startled and amused at the same time by her question.

"Go get them" Emily asked and so I did.

While I was in the kitchen I dug out a plate to put the apples on and then decided to cut one of the apples in two. I walked back into the Atelier and set the plate of apples down in front of me and resumed my pose. Then I grabbed one of the apples in my left hand and held it forward as if presenting it to the viewer.

Emily lifted the camera to her eye, peered through the view finder. "Won't you well …"

I shook my head. I knew what she wanted but I was too embarrassed to oblige. She also knew not to push the point, because I was firm in my conviction that I would not let her photograph the best of me.

I half expected her to take a picture but instead she said "your feet .."

I looked down at my feet. "What about my feet?"

"Your feet … The volume is in imbalance. We need something to fill the volume near your feet!" She looked around the room but could not find anything that might fit her need. Then she smiled "I have the perfect thing in my car!" She started to pick up her clothes then changed her mind. I watched as she dashed into the bathroom and came back wrapped in my big green robe. She grabbed her keys and said "Don't move, I'll be right back." And out she dashed from the Atelier leaving the front door partly ajar. I knew this because I could feel the cool evening air come in through the front door and leave through my partially opened sliding door leading to the balcony.

In a moment she was back, closing the front door and lugging a large whicker basket that had a most unique shape. Emily placed the basket at my feet. When she walked back to her camera she kept the robe on and held the camera up to her eye.

To get things perfect she moved the large whicker basket, tilting it ever so slightly towards me. As I watched her do this it suddenly dawned on me what the whicker basket reminded me of.

I knew that this would be the shot and so I made sure I had tucked myself completely in, and crossed my top leg partly over my bottom one to make doubly sure I was not hanging out.

This time she took the picture and as she took it Emily said “I think I will call this one … *The Allegory of the Apple*.”

The Allegory of the Apple

Kitan Poetry

Two Poems by Aki Kurosawa

Why Can't They Chase After Me?

My happy twenties are soon over
… my good years are nearly past
Soon I will be thirty, ever
… hoping my beauty will last

A Japanese woman who is thirty
… and not married is considered lost,
your future is thought too murky,
… alone and old you become a pest

but what of middle aged men?
… What happens when they grow old?
here in Japan no one talks of them
… they in fact turn bold

they chase after school girls
… as unashamed as they can be
As if girls were their little pearls
… why can't they chase after me?

Wonder Why It Is

It is the middle of the night
and I cannot sleep
It is too hot to sleep.
The moisture in the air sticks
my panties to my bare skin –
so I take them off
and fan myself all over.
The cold air arouses me
And so with fan in one hand
I tickle myself with the other,
Seeking pleasure in every fold of my skin
Now I am even hotter than before but …
Really I don't mind it …
I will take a cold bath later
After I have spent myself …
And soap myself all over …
And wonder why it is
I am always alone when I am
so –
ar
ous
ed!

Four Poems by Patrick Bruskiewich

The Crack of Lightening

The crack of lightening
The roar of thunder
It shakes me to the quick!

I am scared I always am
When the sky flashes
And Zeus lets loose!

A storm is one of my earliest remembrances
That and the warm
Embrace of my dear mother
As she wrapped her arms around me
And sang a French song

Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques
Dormer vous, Dormer Vous …

And so I slept out the storm.

Today the crack of lightening
The roar of thunder
I close my eyes and can hear her voice

Even though she is in heaven
her song comes from high

Zeus away with you
I want to hear my mother's voice!

Unwrap Me, Savour the Sweetness of Life

It was the touch electric, her
hand upon mine. I looked
up to see two shining eyes, sure
of herself, she smiled. This took
me by surprise, for I knew she
liked me, but how much, now
I knew it was more like love, be
may what it comes, now how
could there be any doubt, here
was someone who wanted to
unwrap me, and savour
the sweetness of life in its
fullness, so I smiled back.
Ah well, I could not stop her
nor would I want to. For I
knew what it was, and let it be

If They Love Their Flowers

What flowers do when we aren't
watching – am I old enough to know?
They have male and female parts
so close together as they grow ...
the stamen, the carpel, soft petals,
filaments, anthers and pollen
– sperm by any other name – that settles
on everything, drawing us all, and calling
the bees, with their stingers, out to play
in the middle of spring and summer days.
When we give a flower to a pretty girl,
if they love their flowers,
we too set the world
into male and female parts.

There is Little of My Soul Left

Dear God,
Forgive me
For I have sinned.

I have loved

in a world filled
full of hate.

I have been gentle
when others really
only want to be mean.

I have tried to create
Heaven on Earth
but it is hell they really want.

I have tried to be kind and strong
but I have been ground
to dust instead.

Dear God,
Forgive me
For I have sinned.

There is little of my soul left
here crushed beneath my cross
and crown of thorns.

Pictorial: A Modern Day Minotaur

I Want Something Different by Isabella Montsouris

When I was told
what the theme would be
About what boys
use to pee …

I thought well …
hell … I have seen them
and been a bit player
with them too.

But how am I to know
What they are all about?
I am a girl after all
And girls don't have boy toys …

I wondered what would
it be like to thrust your way
forward and not be the back stop
in the game of life?

What would it be like to
go out each night and sleep
with a different girl.
And boast about it in the morning …

Girls can't do that
Can they … well I bet I can
go out each night with a boy
and say I want something different.

Sleeping around is just too
Unexciting for me. I want
Something unusual....
Some boys like the outlandish.

So let me tell you about
This and don't blush.

While I was fully dressed
A boy asked me to
draw him as a brave David
Standing on his pedestal.

While I was fully dressed
A boy asked me to
Reach into his pants
to play with his bells … ding dong

While I was fully dressed
A boy asked me to

come watch him as he stood
behind a tree in a park and peed.

While I was fully dressed
A boy asked me to
watch him as he played his flute
and reached the high treble notes …

While I was fully dressed
A boy asked me to
rub against my thighs from behind.
Oh la la … the pop of champagne

While I was fully dressed
A boy asked me to
to spy on him and his girlfriend
As they played their game of life (*oh by the way she got pregnant*).

While I was undressed
A boy asked me to
Lie beneath a table with a hole
and milk him like a cow

You are blushing now aren't you!

Kitan Art

Life Drawing for the First Time … by Megs

[**Vancouver**] I have a friend I have known informally for several years. He has an Atelier which he invited me to visit a few times. He has had an Atelier for nearly twenty years where many artists have come to do art. He intimated that his Atelier was about the figurative arts. Many models has sat for artists in his Atelier.

Now that I am finished university and have more time my curiosity got the better of me and decided I wanted to try drawing the human form. When I emailed him I would come do art he emailed me a link to a book about anatomical studies for artists by Victor Perard. He also asked me whether I would like to be drawn or to draw. I agree to come for a visit, but left that big question unanswered.

His Atelier is warm and inviting. Judging by the paintings on the wall he enjoys both bright color and happy themes. At the centre of the Atelier was a pedestal.

After we settled in he asked me whether I wanted to draw or be drawn. During my first visit to his Atelier I said that we would '*perhaps'* do both. I wanted to draw him first. He said he would sit for me, and would wear a loin cloth … to begin with.

I want to share with you my happiness in drawing him as a figurative model. To be perfectly frank I did not know what to expect. In a moment of abject freedom I noticed a digital camera on a table and asked him whether I could take pictures of him. I was amazed that he agreed!

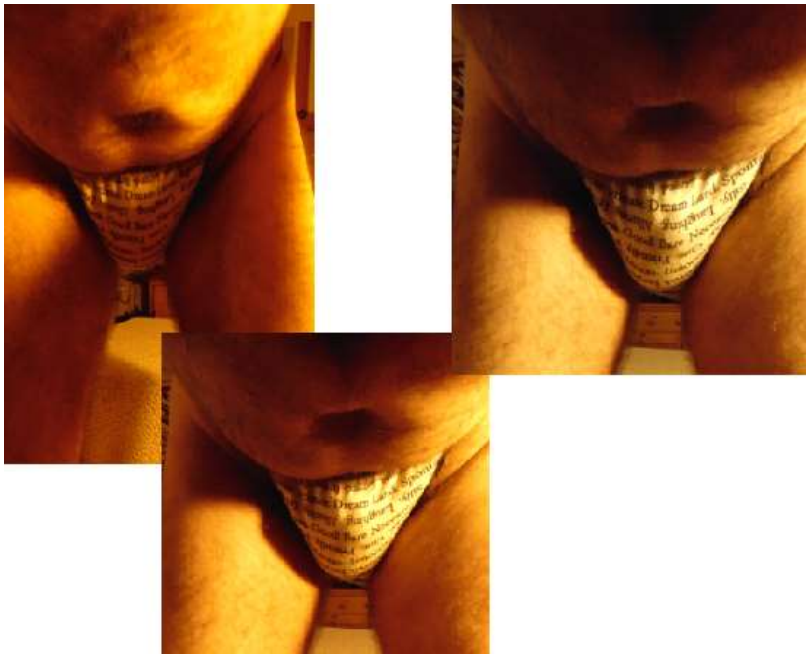
When he left the room to get ready to sit for me I thought he would reappear wearing nothing but his loin cloth, but instead he returned wrapped in a robe.

He sat at the corner of the model's pedestal as we chatted a few minutes about the philosophy of life drawing. He explained that you draw the human form from the inside out, sketching the underlying skeleton first, then the muscles and then finally the outside of the model.

Then we chatted about measurement and perspective. He set out for me a lovely and very detailed anatomical book opened it to a spread that showed the male skeleton. He suggested I start my drawings at his pelvis.

He also suggested we might explore the differences before the male and female form. When he said this my heart skipped a beat! He opened his legs a bit, perhaps unconsciously, or perhaps as a tease …

Then he stood and took off his robe. As he did this I quickly took three pictures. He had hair all over his body … more hair than I had ever seen before on a man.



Click … click … click …. Then he sat back. There was silence for a few seconds. I tried not to stare. Through his loin cloth I could just make out the contour of him.

As he sat back onto the pedestal one side of his loin cloth caught and rolled forward.

This gave me the courage to ask him whether he would simply take the loin cloth off and let me draw him as a figurative model.

He smiled and nodded …

My friend is as old as my father and so I had a bit of curiosity about what an older man might look like. As a little girl I had seen my father naked, but that was twenty years ago and he has put on weight since! I have a boyfriend and I have seen him naked many times. It is easy to know when my boyfriend is excited.

I have also watched as my mother has grown old. I know as women age things begin to droop … I frankly did not know what to expect.

I took in a deep breath … he noticed this!

He could have taken his loin cloth off quickly ...

… but instead he went slowly. What a flirt! My heart was pounding!

Suddenly the gland of his penis popped out from behind his loin cloth. My heart started to race and I could feel my face grow hot. "You are blushing," he said. He lifted the loin cloth to hide himself away behind a blind.

“Should I stop?” I was speechless and could only shake my head. He continued ...

I noticed right away that he is circumcised. “You’re circumcised.” I guess I should have caught myself from saying this … it was a bit awkward to say this to my friend … I also heard myself say “My boyfriend is also circumcised.” My father was not uncircumcised … that I knew. In high school, after a few dates with different boys … no we didn’t go to ‘third base’ … consciously I had decided to steer clear of uncircumcised boys. Most women prefer circumcised men. Circumcised men have hygienic penises.

Now that his sex was there for me to see I could smell his pheromones ... I was getting very wet … I wondered if he could smell my pheromones.

His penis was smaller than my boyfriend, and a different shape as well. It was as if he read my thoughts when he said he "seemed small … but male models are not supposed to get aroused when they sit for artists." He continued to pull off his loin cloth. Click! I began to feel like *une Voyeuse*.

It is funny how floppy an unaroused penis is! Flop flop … I giggled …

As I giggled I could see he was getting aroused! He was getting much bigger!

He wasn't the only one getting aroused. I crossed my legs so that I could caress my sex without squirming. I could not help but squirm about, I was so aroused!

He dropped his loin cloth at his feet and said “here are where the two sides of my pelvis are” using his hands as the two butterfly shapes that made up his pelvis. He then set his hands at either side of his pelvis, framing his penis.

This brought me back to the moment and to art! As I sketched him, I struggled. He noticed this and suggested I might try using pastels instead of a pencil.

I nodded. He got up and searched about for a box of pastels which he said once belonged to his mother and was as old as he was. As he moved about I had the chance to see the entirety of him. When he sat back down he was at a slight profile which made drawing him easier. As an artist and artist model he knew his stuff.

One of the many things I learned from my afternoon of life drawing is that figurative art is about more than just sex. Life drawing is also about beauty and proportions. My friend was beautiful. He has the body of a man half his age. In many ways he is more beautiful than my boyfriend (I hope he does not read this story. I don't know how he would react …). I love his soft hair!

My friend is also beautifully proportioned. As we both chatted and the ambiance began to become more relaxed I noticed his penis began to hide itself away. I had seen a man get aroused but I had never seen a penis hide itself away! That caught my fancy and he looked down at himself.

He said he was *turtling*. I giggled. Now that we were relaxed it was then that we started to talk about the difference between the feminine and masculine. I agreed with him that it was easier to draw the feminine. But I told him that wasn't just because I was a women and therefore understood the feminine. I was finding it really difficult to draw the male form!

That afternoon I did two drawings of him, one in pastel and a second different sketch in charcoal.

When I showed him the pastel drawing he immediately noticed that I had drawn him as a eunuch! On their first try at drawing a male figurative, he said that it was common for women artists to draw men as eunuchs … "because this is undiscovered country ... but it's just a cylinder and two ovals." I giggled and said "it's a lot more than just that!" He smiled approvingly.

He suggested I try a charcoal drawing … this time to try not draw him as an eunuch. I will write about my charcoal sketch another time.

After I had finished my second figurative sketch of my friend he asked and I agreed to sit for him but semi-draped. He then got up from the pedestal, wrapped himself in his robe and spent a few minutes studying the two drawings I had done of him. He said both sketches were 'well done'. Then he went to get dressed.

When I sat for him it was for one drawing. I took off my top and sat for a few minutes as he studied my form then he said he could not really see my legs, so I agreed to take off my jeans, but that was all. I was now sitting on the pedestal, legs crossed wearing a burgundy *bralette* and a dark blue pair of my everyday panties. He asked whether I might take off my top but I said I did not feel comfortable doing that. He knew not to ask about my panties. He drew a beautiful figurative drawing of me. (that is a story for another day).

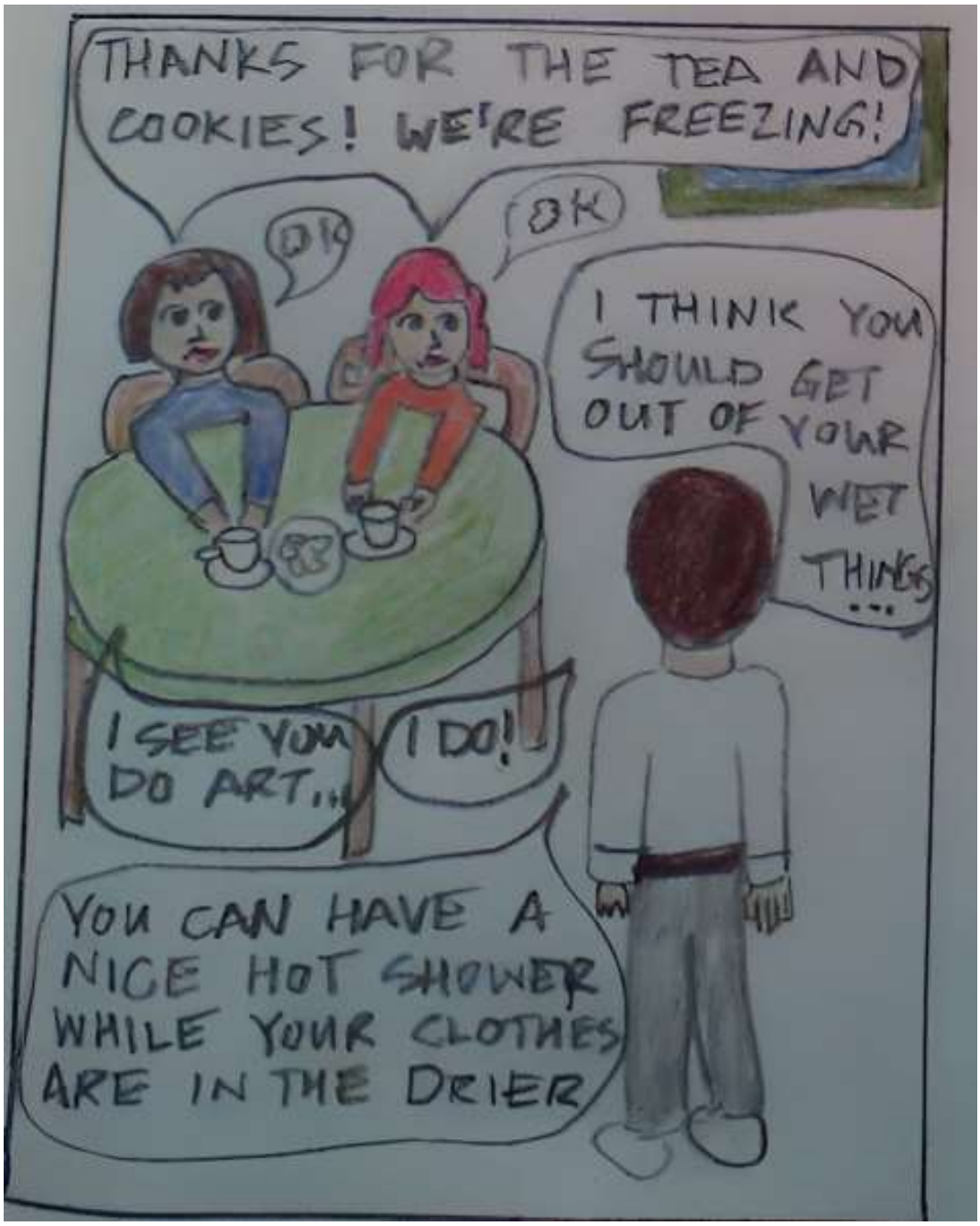
All in all I enjoyed my visit to his Atelier and the chance to draw the male form for the first time. As I left I decided I was going to ask my boyfriend to sit for me.

I can't trust myself to come a second time to my friend's Atelier for I know the second time I visit if he asks me to sit I may decide to dispense with both my top and my bottom … how would I explain that to my boyfriend?

Pictorial: Andromeda and Perseus

Stray Kittens by Patrick Bruskiewich

YOU LOOK WET AND COLD ... WHAT'S UP?
WE WERE WALKING DOWN THE HILL AND IT STARTED TO RAIN ...
COME IN TO WARM UP...
OK
OK
I WILL MAKE YOU TEA


THANKS FOR THE TEA AND COOKIES! WE'RE FREEZING!
OK
OK
I THINK YOU SHOULD GET OUT OF YOUR WET THINGS...
I SEE YOU DO ART...
I DO!
YOU CAN HAVE A NICE HOT SHOWER WHILE YOUR CLOTHES ARE IN THE DRIER

I HAVE LAID OUT TWO TOWELS AND A NEW BAR OF SOAP FOR YOU. WHEN YOU ARE BOTH IN THE SHOWER I WILL TAKE YOUR WET CLOTHES TO THE DRIER... IS THAT OK?
YES
GOOD!

I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME...
I'M SARA
I AM RHONDA ... BUT YOU CAN CALL ME RHO
I AM PATRICK
I WILL GO PUT YOUR WET CLOTHES IN THE DRIER...

GIGGLE
WHAT'S SO FUNNY...!
WE ARE NAKED IN A MAN'S SHOWER!
GIGGLE.. THAT IS FUNNY! MY MOTHER WOULD GROUND ME FOR LIFE IF SHE KNEW I WAS DOING THIS
LET'S ASK HIM TO JOIN US
YES.. LET'S

I AM BACK. HOW IS THE WATER?
GIGGLE
WE WANT YOU TO COME JOIN US!
THANKS BUT THAT WOULD NOT BE RIGHT!
WHY NOT?
I AM MORE THAN TWICE YOUR AGE!
WILL YOU WASH OUR BACKS THEN?

YOU CAN WASH EACH OTHER'S BACK CAN'T YOU?
GIGGLE
CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK
No!
YOU DON'T GIVE ME THE CHOICE DO YOU?
OH BOY!
AND TURN AROUND PLEASE
OK... HAND ME THE SOAP
GIGGLE

DO YOU HAVE A HAIR DRIER?
No...
HOW ARE WE GOING TO DRY OUR HAIR?
YOU CAN USE YOUR TOWELS...
...UMM WHAT ARE WE GOING TO WEAR?
GIGGLE
I WILL GO CHECK TO SEE IF YOUR CLOTHES ARE DRY
HAGGLE

YOUR CLOTHES AREN'T DRIED YET ...
IF YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE US NAKED YOU BETTER TURN AROUND...
LET ME GET YOU SHIRTS TO WEAR ...
OR
DO YOU HAVE ANY CHILDREN
NO
A WIFE ?
I AM DIVORCED
A GIRLFRIEND
NOT AT THE MOMENT

YOU MUST BE LONELY!
SOMETIMES, BUT NOT TONIGHT...
WHY ARE YOU TURNING AWAY?
RHO'S SHIRT IS A BIT SHORT! ...
IT IS ISN'T IT!
GIGGLE
HELP ME WITH MY HAIR
BLUSH
OK
YOU CAN COMB IT WHILE SARA BRAIDS MY HAIR
WE DON'T MIND ...

I GUESS WE SHOULD TELL YOU WHY WE WERE WALKING DOWN THE HILL IN THE RAIN
OK
WE WERE AT A PARTY. MY BOYFRIEND WANTED TO HAVE SEX BUT I SAID NO!
GOOD FOR YOU
SO HE DUMPED ME AND TRIED TO MAKE OUT WITH RHO... TO GET BACK AT ME!
OH MY

ARE YOU RELIGIOUS?
YES, I AM CATHOLIC
I AM CATHOLIC TOO...
I AM JEWISH
MAY I ASK YOU SOMETHING
SURE ANYTHING
DO YOU LIKE GIRLS
YES... I AM VERY HETERO... WHY DO YOU ASK?

WE HAVE BEEN FLIRTING WITH YOU...
YES, I KNOW!
BUT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN FLIRTING BACK
THERE IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LUST & LOVE
HOW DO YOU FEEL?
OH?
HAPPY
HAPPINESS IS THE GREATEST GIFT YOU CAN SHARE WITH A FRIEND. THAT'S LOVE

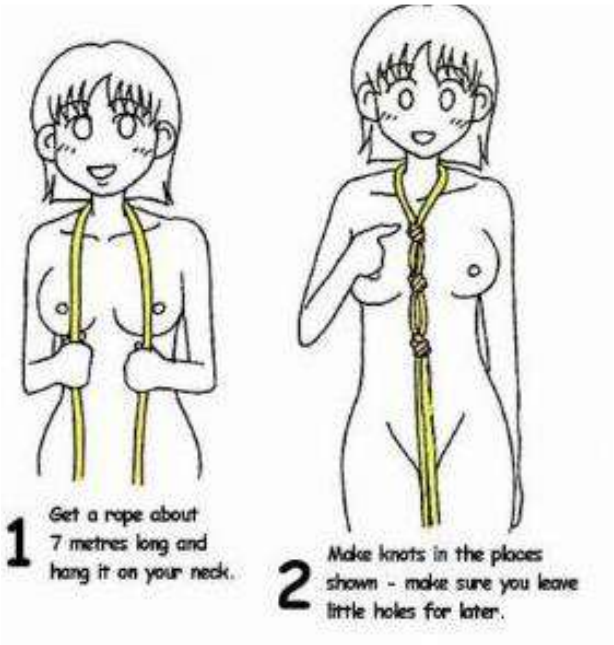
LET ME GET YOUR DRIED CLOTHES...
WILL YOU HELP US DRESS?
NO... I WILL TURN MY BACK
DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT WE LOOK LIKE?
MAYBE WE'LL DO ART SOME OTHER TIME, NOT TODAY...
ART!
GIGGLE
YOU CAN COME AND DRESS UP AS KITTENS. I WILL DRAW YOU

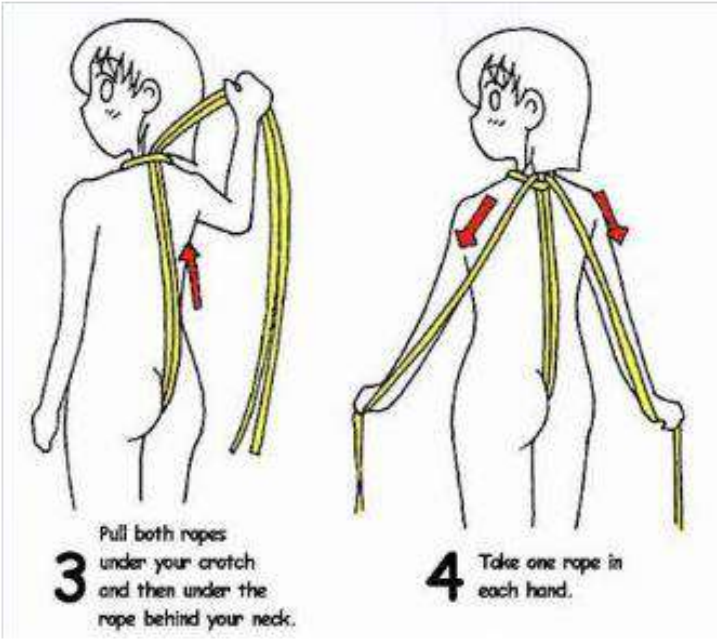
Bye
THANKS FOR EVERY THING
WE'LL BRING YOUR UMBRELLA BACK WHEN WE COME TO VISIT YOU
BYE, STAY DRY

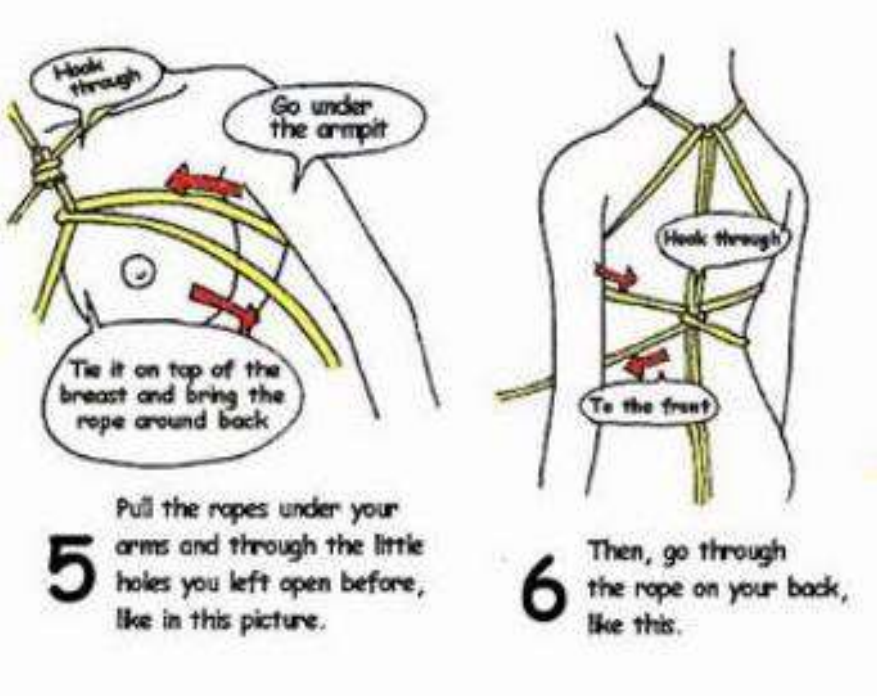
Kitan Photography

Having Fun with Rope by Yuki

[**Oxford**] I am bored with all my studying. I did this as a distraction.

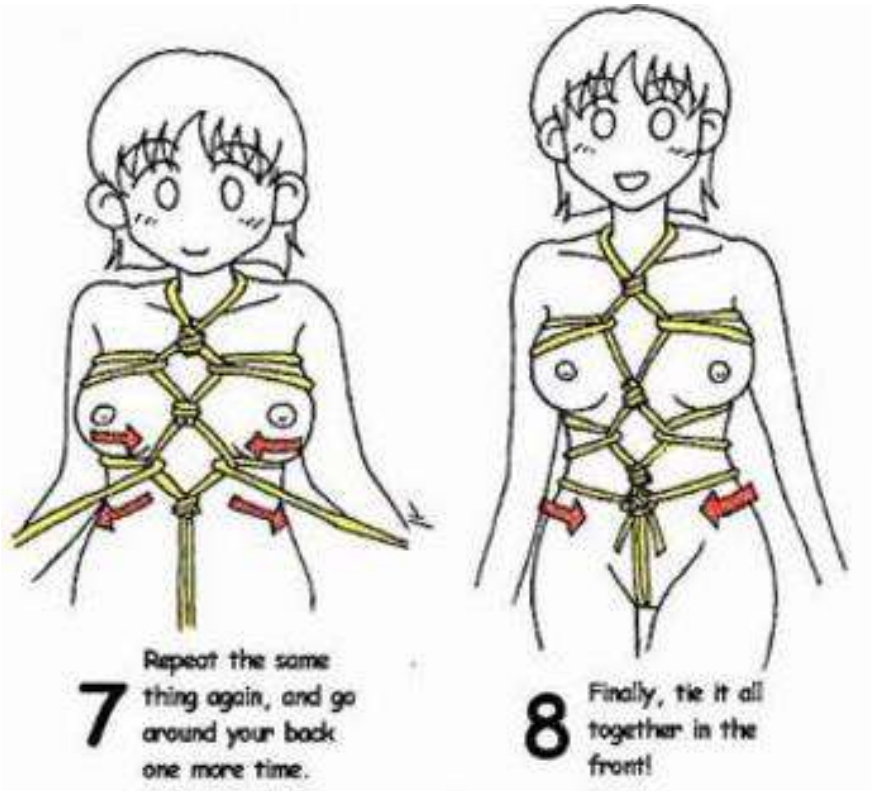

1
Get a rope about 7 metres long and hang it on your neck.
2
Make knots in the places shown - make sure you leave little holes for later.





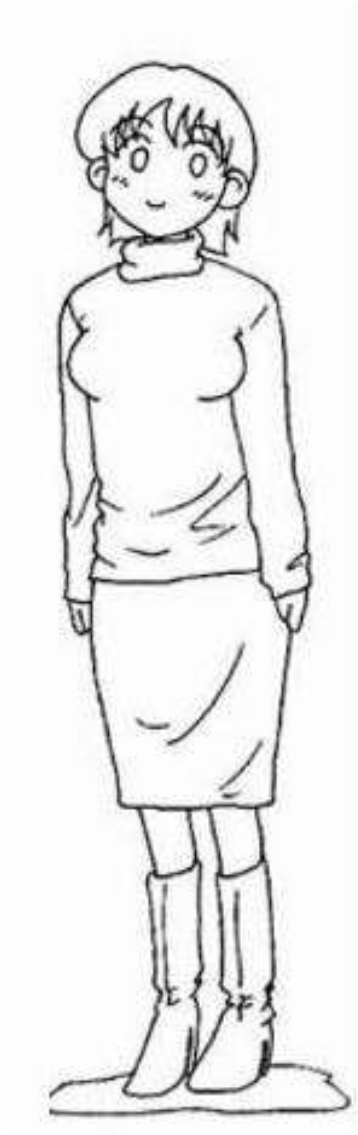
5 Pull the ropes under your arms and through the little holes you left open before, like in this picture.

6 Then, go through the rope on your back, like this.



7 Repeat the same thing again, and go around your back one more time.

8 Finally, tie it all together in the front!



You can wear clothes over it.

No one will know what you have underneath.

You might want to put Vaseline on the rope that is

over your vulva to keep it from chaffing …

The Woman on the Ladder by Aki

[**Tokyo**] Recently I came across a series of six black and white pictorials in an old photography book I picked up at a Saturday morning flea market. The pictorials were of the corner of a plain room with a large framed window on one side and a ladder at the far corner, and a plain wall to the right. A nude woman walks into the pictorials, climbs the ladder and is seen to disappear into the wall. The series was a clever photomontage.

I decided to make the series into a short three minute film with the six black and white pictorials cycling through three times accompanied by an appropriate choice of music – The Valentino Tango, played by the Castillians with Victor Young leading the band. This music is a century old and was available digitally at archive.org (if you like recordings of old music by old bands … take note!).

Each of the six black and white pictorials is a still for 12.5 seconds and merges one into the other seamlessly. Many years ago I had studied film at my high school but it has been years since I felt inspired to try my hand at film making. Learning film making was like learning how to ride a bike … it is a skill you never lose.

I had not expected it but the film brought the woman to life (she was perhaps in her mid-twenties when the pictorials were taken … today if she is still alive she would be in her seventies). As the film progresses the viewer seems drawn

into the film and begins to notice more or experience more. I had not set out to accomplish this … this effect was a pleasant surprise.

The Scream by Reiko

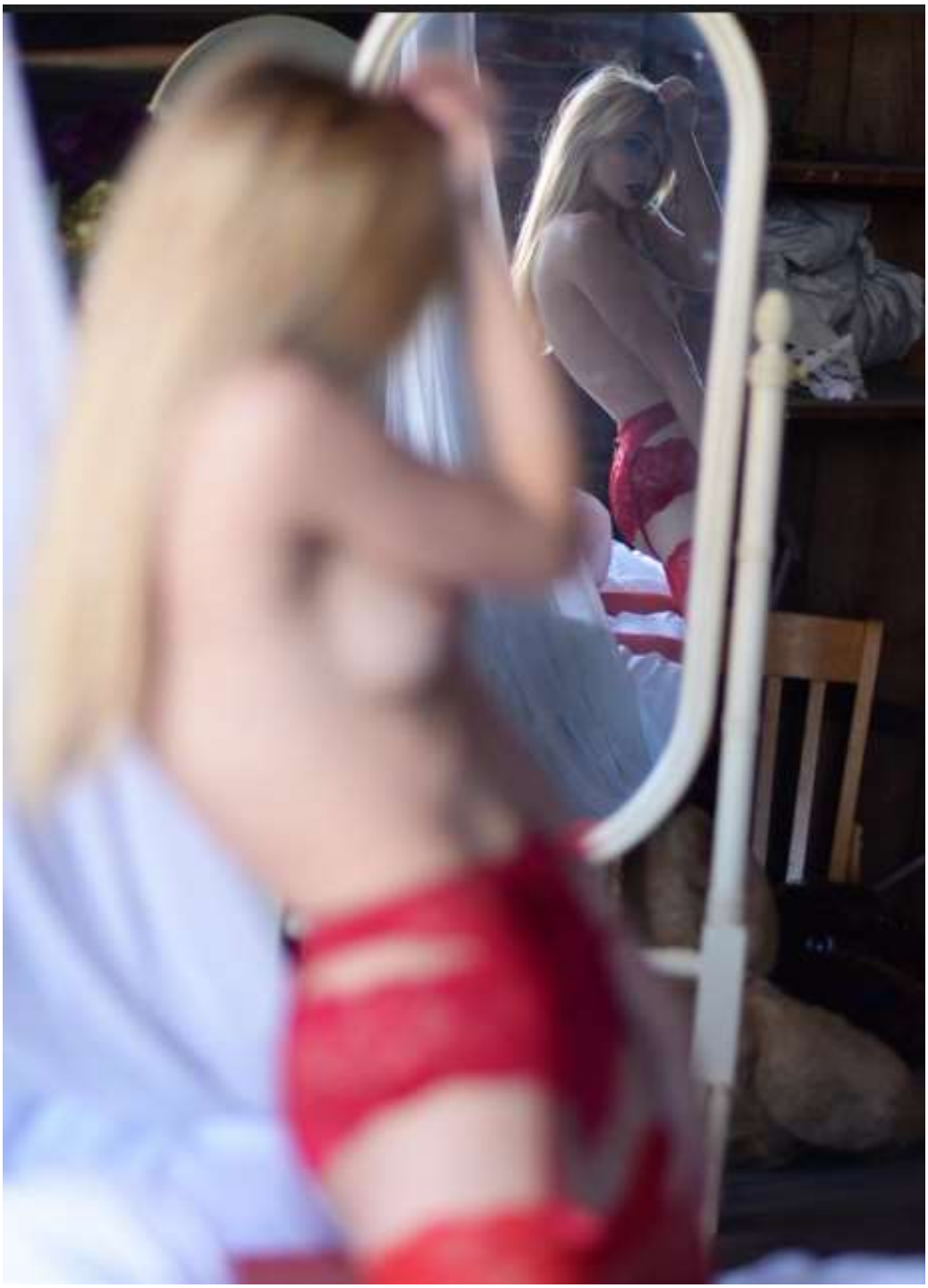
[**Tokyo**] My friend Aki showed me her The Woman and the Ladder short film and invited me to do something in the same style. I found pictorials of a woman screaming and made a film of this, with each series of pictorials become shorter in length and therefore more frantic. My film seems to work!

I invite you to try your hand at such experimental film!

Pictorial: Take your clothes off so I can take your picture!

The Art of the Selfie by Karen S

These are some selfies of me and my friends. I asked them to send me selfies.



As you can see, selfies can be both personal and beautiful.

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